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An appeal to the Friends of the Colonization Society.

1842.

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MR. ELLSWORTH'S APPEAL

TO THE FRIENDS OF

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

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AN APPEAL

TO THE

FRIENDS OF THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY,

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A STATEMENT OF FACTS, PRESENTED AT A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SABBATH EVENING, MAY 8, 1842,

BY HON. H. L. ELLSWORTH,

ONE OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

My Friends—I come before you as one of the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society. My heart is too deeply oppressed with the difficulties which embarrass us, too full of anxiety for apology. I come not as a beggar; I come to make a simple statement of facts; to ask you to share in our responsibility, and decide what is to be done. It has already been mentioned that 200 emigrants are urging their way to their native land, and are soon to be arrested only by the broad ocean which separates them from Africa. You may perhaps ask, Why have the Executive Committee permitted such an occurrence, a conscription, as it were, on the charity of the community?

In reply let me say, that your Committee could not, and if they could they would not dare prevent it. You yourselves would not have done so, unless I am greatly wrong in my estimate of your hearts; and when you hear the facts I shall lay before you, I trust you will excuse us from all blame.

Look then at the position of the Committee. We are only the executive instruments of your will to carry out your benevolent and humane purposes. Twenty years ago the Colonization Society was established with the concurrent approbation of the General Government, the State Governments, patriots throughout the land, and with the prayers of the most devoted and ardent Christians. The wants of the Government for an asylum for re-captured Africans; the wishes and the hopes of emancipated slaves in this country; the desire of the States to free themselves from the dangers arising from two classes of colored men, one in bondage and the other free; a sympathy for poor Africa herself oppressed by the horrors of the slave trade, and a stranger to the God of Heaven—all these combined to establish this Society. It was done, and the hopes of many brightened. A little band was planted on the inhospitable shores of a barbarous coast, now called by the delightful appellation of Liberia. From

the founding of the Colony until the present moment, the efforts of the Society have been directed to *encourage* the free people of color to remove hence to that Colony—for it was never designed to use any compulsion—and also to procure funds to defray the necessary expenses. Embarrassments, as you are aware, have arisen, and the way has often times been hemmed up. The little Colony has, however, been mercifully preserved, and both master and servant have been assured of our willingness and desire to gratify their wishes. Nay further, bequests have been made to the Society; the dying charge of several persons are on its records. In most of the cases freedom is given only on condition of emigrating to Africa. The fears of some, that emigrants could not be found, has thus been removed. A new era has arrived; our mails are crowded with applications to your Committee; a mighty torrent has burst forth. They come at *your* bidding, and wait your direction. They come with a joyful heart, hoping soon to see their fatherland; they come with a longing desire to embark under your kind patronage. Yes! onward they come; they seem to be messengers of peace and salvation to a benighted region of the world. Will you stay them in their homeward passage?

Night after night, my friends, your Committee meet to hear their supplications. I assure you that the festivities which many appear to enjoy have no charms for me. I know I cannot do much; but whatever punctuality and unremitting services, however humble, can do is already most willingly consecrated to this cause, And now look at the situation of your Committee. They must feel—they *do* feel for the woes of others who beg relief. But we cannot work miracles; we can only use human means. What appeal can we make that will prove effectual?

If there is an object of sympathy in this wide world, it is the African, torn from his native land, separated from all that he loved, transferred amid the horrors of a gloomy passage in a slave ship to a foreign shore, and there held to bondage; and who at last for his honest servitude is offered his freedom or who by untiring labor has bought himself, and now makes his single, humble, suppliant request to be permitted and aided to return home to die. If he is poor, it is not because he is indolent; his task was done, his duty performed; his hard earnings have been for his master; and he is penniless because he spent his all to become free. Read his joy, that the happy time has arrived when he no longer wears the yoke of bondage. O happy thought! what bright anticipations now fill his heart. He tells us that he is ready to embark, and inquires, how soon will a ship sail for Africa? What is our reply? We direct the Secretary to inform him that we deeply sympathize in his disappointment, but we cannot send him—we have no funds. Such, my friends, is our daily reply to pressing applications; and what do we get in return? Expressions of regret, disappointment and despair. The freedom purchased or bestowed is held only on condition of removal within a definite time. Sad thought! upon this contingency rests the question of his return to bondage for the remainder of life! Poor and friendless they come to us—what can we do? Can we go on and incur obligations which we have no present means of discharging? Yes, my friends, we have done so; we could not resist such appeals. Humanity cries aloud—he has served long enough. We encourage him to hope for relief, and we try to raise some means for his aid.

There is another appeal to us as Christians. It comes from a native

African. He shows the scars which his manacles have made and which time cannot efface. He tells his story of woe, yet murmurs not. It is God who has permitted it. He bows to his condition; he rejoices at the goodness of One who, he hopes, has redeemed him from a bondage worse than that of slavery—the bondage of sin. No revengeful word is on his lips; he says that the grave will be the common master for us all without distinction, and that we shall arise alike to a glorious immortality. He asks not for lands or for money; he sees how poor Africa is situated—poor, heathen Africa; he feels the dying injunction of his Heavenly master, "Go preach my Gospel to every creature." He tells us that the white man soon dies on the shores of Africa, but God has given him a constitution tempered for that clime. His prayer to us—the earnest pleadings of his heart is, "Let me go to proclaim to millions in darkness and in the shadow of death the goodness and mercy of my God." To such an appeal what can we reply? We ask you, my friends, shall we shut up our bowels of compassion, tell him we have no means—we can raise none, and compel him to remain forever in servitude here, cheered only by the brighter promise of a future world, with the sole privilege, which, thank God! no fetters or bondage can take away or restrain, a secret prayer for his native land!

You may perhaps say, Can such things be? Permit me in reply to read you a single letter selected from many of a similar character.

"Gallatin County, Cypressville, Illinois,
"*September* 19, 1841.

"S. Wilkeson, Esq.—Sir:—Yours of the 21st Aug. has come to hand. We calculated to pay our passage by the assistance of Mr. Fagg, one of the agents for the Society, but he has failed to assist us. There are 18 of us that will go, and we are utterly unable to pay our passage. The 18 consist of 3 families, myself and wife and 4 children, Rufus Jacobs, his wife and 4 children, Redic B. Smith and 1 child, my wife's sister, Malina Porter, a single woman, Jerome Crofuld, a single man, Joseph Allen, a single man, and an old man, a native of Africa, named John. We all wish to go to Liberia, and are not able to pay our passage. If the Society can send us, we are willing to refund the amount in labor or produce when we are able.

"We are ready to start from Shawneetown at any moment, and wish the time to come as soon as possible; for though we are free in name we are not free in fact.—We are in as bad, or worse condition than the slaves of which you speak, being compelled to leave the State, or give security, and those of the whites who would befriend us are debarred by the fear of public opinion. If only those who deserve such treatment, if any do, were the only ones to suffer we should be content; but on the contrary if one misbehaves, all the colored people in the neighborhood are the sufferers, and that frequently by unlawful means; dragged from our beds at the hour of midnight, *stripped naked*, in presence of our *children* and wives, by a set of men alike lost to mercy decency and Christianity, and flogged till they are satisfied, before we know for what; and when we are informed, it is the probably the first time we heard of the offence. Such is our situation and such the condition from which your Society can extricate us. We deem it worse than slavery. We say again we wish to go to Liberia, and if no way else is provided, we had as lief soon *indent* ourselves to

the Society for *life* for our passage, so we can live among our own color. Let me know as soon as possible, whether you can help us, and how soon, and how much. Times are so hard here, that property will not bring half its value. We have disposed of what little we had, with the calculation that Mr. Fagg would assist us: perhaps if you would stimulate him to help us, it would be some advantage. We want to know what assistance your Society will give us, after we get there."

"Yours, respectfully,"

"MARVILL H. SMITH."

Here, my friends, you see is the case of 18 persons. They have been emancipated; they were obliged to leave the State in which they served, and where could they go? They sought a temporary resting place, an asylum in a free state. How have they been persecuted! The emigrant tells you his simple and affecting story of wrong and outrage. Among these you will notice is a native African, who in his old age has obtained his freedom and ardently desires to see Africa once more before he dies.—Perchance some that he knew and loved, he may find yet spared from the clutches of the ruthless gang that tore him away. And now what could we reply to this letter? Must we dash to the earth their present hopes? We were compelled to do it.—We said, for the present, NO. Emigrants were crowding upon us; old debts, not large indeed, but imperative, urged for payment. We did indeed encourage them to hope for relief at some future time, we could not tell when or how. And when they found their condition there worse than slavery or death itself, and heard of the possibility of a passage to Africa from New Orleans, though we had told them to to wait till further notice, they gathered their little all and jumped into a boat bound for that city. Will you, can you blame them for it? Alas! when they reached New Orleans no vessel was there; our expected expedition failed. These poor dependent creatures then cast themselves in their misery upon the friends of the Colonization Society; they have been transported to Norfolk and there they wait in anxious hope to sail soon for Africa. It remains for you my friends to say whether they shall go.

I will mention further, that our agent in Tennessee, was expressly informed by us, that we had no means to transport emigrants and none must come to Norfolk except such as were provided with funds to meet all their expenses. But the spirit of emigration that has been aroused cannot be repressed, and a few days since we received a letter informing us that 86 were on their way. Some of them had money and some had not; some had horses and wagons, others were coming on foot; their little all, whatever it might be, was to be disposed of when they reached Norfolk. There they remain with fond hopes and ardent aspirations for their native land, They possess good characters; some are artisans, some agriculturists, some are prepared to be teachers and a few to preach the Gospel. Among them are the friends and relations of that valuable and heroic citizen of Liberia, Zion Harris, who is now in this country pleading the cause of the Colony. The death of the Rev. Mr. Erskine, his father-in-law was an affecting incident. Willing and ready to die he left one request, that his son would, should providence permit, once visit Tennessee and bring to Africa the surviving relatives left behind, so far as they could be obtained. God has prospered the errand of love and mercy. By the kindness of their masters, the assistance of friends and his persuasion, Harris returns to Africa with thirteen of his kindred. What shall we

say to them my friends? Shall they spend their little all to return again to bondage? You must decide.

And, my Christian friends, there is a company of 8 Africans from the Osage Mission on the confines of civilization in the far West. They come with hearts warm and glowing from that altar where many a morning and evening sacrifice has been offered up for poor Africa; they come to beg a passage, as it were, in the name of their divine master. May I say, that I shall never forget that devoted mission station. It was there where many years since I met those who now ask our aid. It was there that the wild Indians whom I had brought from near the foot of the Rocky Mountains first saw how the white man was taught to read and write; there for the first time they heard in a Christian assembly of the white man's God, and there they implored those blessings from their great father (the President) which the African now asks for his native land. We had traveled many hundred miles together; sickness and other trials had endeared us to each other. The time of the final separation had come: I was to go where the sun rises; they to the place where it sets. Believing as they do, that the truth is not spoken when the sun does not shine on the heart, the farewell was postponed for a clear sky. They met in a crowded group, threw off the buffalo robes, their homely covering, and one of their number thus addressed me: "My Grandfather, the sky is clear. The great spirit sees me, the earth on which I stand hears me; the truth is spoken. You have brought us to see our enemies, (the Delewares) we have feasted on the white man's heart; we have made peace and smoked together; the hatchet and the knife that was sharpened for scalps, shall now be buried deep in the ground, and the weeds shall grow over them. You come from the big waters and return again. You will see our great father. Tell him we are his children; we are poor, the buffaloes are fast disappearing and the white men are catching our beavers; we cannot raise corn, we have no tools, ask him to remember us and to help us; tell him, my grandfather, that the prairie hen puts her wings over her chickens and broods them; ask him to put his wings over us." Pardon me this digression. The association of the event with the Osage Mission station and the similarity of the wild Indian's plea to that of the poor African was such I could scarcely avoid it. I return then to the colored family from this Mission. Your Committee was forced to refuse them a passage unless means were provided; some contributions were made to reimburse, in part, the expense, and they have now come for a passage. Shall *they* go? You will decide.

Another case of thrilling interest is that of a father who has struggled on through life, and, having obtained his own emancipation has purchased six of his children; and only waits till he can redeem two more. His sole hope and desire is to return to Africa. What will you say with regard to him?

Let me mention one case more; It is that of the humane and liberal McDonough of New Orleans, a name long to be endeared to Liberia. He offered your Committee eighty slaves—persons of good character, blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, ship-builders, sugar makers, agriculturists, &c. He desired to teach them and fit them for their mission to their kindred friends; he applied to the Legislature for permission to instruct them, but knowledge is power, and cannot be entrusted to the slave; and the request was denied. Ask them, however, to read and they will do so; ask them

to write and they understand this also. Inquire not further; some of them are competent to teach schools; many of them are professing Christians. Connected with this number are two others who are now pursuing their theological studies in Pennsylvania preparatory to their departure for Africa. One of them will go soon; the other when he completes his studies, and has made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Arabic languages; in some of which he has already made great proficiency. O, how these emigrants will gladden the hearts of the desponding Colony of Liberia. What could we say to them? Should we say that we could not let *them* go? We have bidden them come; we have committed their case and all the other cases to God; we have chartered a ship to take them to their desired port amidst a thousand aspirations which neither you nor I can feel. Such are the claims which the colored men in our own country themselves prefer.

I ask now your consideration of the claims of our little Colony. By every arrival from there we learn her wants and her trials. Surrounded by a savage foe who are goaded on by infuriated slave traders, because for three hundred miles their path is blocked up; without vessels for transportation, if her people were disposed to flee from their numerous assailants, we may well wonder and ask, How has she been preserved? Many have been the conflicts of her children, and where has bravery been better exhibited? Those who have fallen have died like freemen, who were once slaves and preferred death to a second bondage. This Colony has been planted by the the General Government of the country, with the aid of the several States, and of individuals. Little did those who first embarked under your kind auspices ever think they would be thus forgotten; much less that they would be abandoned. But, my friends, what is their condition; they are in want, they need many things. They need houses, and how can these houses be erected? No saw mills are provided, though water-power and timber are both convenient. Even now your Committee are shipping lumber by every opportunity across the ocean to make them comfortable and to provide accommodations for new emigrants. This is done at a great expense; but we have no means with which to erect mills. Your Colony, too, needs arms and munitions of war. Their condition is hard indeed; exposed and defenceless, they ask us to send them some guns. We have no means; we have entreated the community in their behalf, but almost in vain; little has lately been given to increase our funds. We have tried to purchase these necessaries, but we have no credit, and our name, alas! is dishonored. We have tried to beg, but without success. As a last resort we have borrowed for a time two mounted guns and a few small arms; not however, without a sacred pledge on our part to return them when demanded. The arsenal and magazines of our happy country are crowded with munitions of war. Why is it, that this Colony, which does so much to ameliorate the condition of men, and to suppress the slave trade, cannot be gratified in so reasonable a request? All they ask is little; but this little would make them rich indeed, and ourselves no poorer.

Look at Liberia, my friends; what was it? The favorite mart of the slave dealer; the paths of the captives yet remain well trodden; the shores have long been bleached by the bones of human beings who perished there while waiting the arrival of cruel masters. Yet all has become changed. Yes, my friends, it is a fact, that where the slave factories once

stood are now seen no less than eighteen churches consecrated to almighty God. Where pens were erected to confine the unhappy victims, you may now find schools and seminaries of learning, surrounded by highly cultivated fields, and loaded with the most luxuriant vegetation. Nature there is prolific: in no part of the world can the wants of man be more easily satisfied. The climate is mild and there are no winters; the earth yields most abundantly coffee, rice, cotton, sugar, maize or Indian corn, wheat and vegetables without number; the forests are filled with palm from which oil is obtained in vast quantities. Camwood too, abounds, with a variety of other dyewoods and spices; the annual exports now exceed $100,000; and were the Colony fostered by our Government, how extensive a trade might be established, should roads be opened into the interior which has already been explored for 160 miles. Populous villages are sometimes found; one of them containing not less than 5,000 persons, on a single peak, picketted in by rude slabs. I pray that the time may come when the Committee will be able to extend to the willing natives some facilities of intercourse. At present the objects of trade are transported only on the backs of men. Need I tell you how much the Colony has already done; how much it has cheered and supported the tribes most contiguous to the settlement? You will find the native children in every school, learning with astonishing rapidity, destined soon to teach others and carry the Gospel far into the interior. Every day the belief is extending that this little Colony is established for the good of Africa. The natives say, that there is some great and good being that watches over and protects it; or else before this it would have fallen. Yes, the poor trembling African flees to your little Colony for protection. But lately a vessel hove in sight beyond the confines of our territory; the slave dealer's placard was hoisted. "A cargo of able bodied men wanted; the highest price will be given." Till then a momentary respite had existed, and peace—if it deserves the name, amidst such anxiety as they daily feel—prevailed. But cupidity and avarice commenced their work; kidnappers loaded with arms started off; and oh the misery which followed in their train; a few captives were obtained; many however, preferred death.—The chief of one nearly desolated tribe fled with three hundred of his band; they ran to our Colony for relief. Their pursuers were obliged to halt in deep disappointment. And O, how great was the joy and gratitude of the chief and his friends. They have returned to tell of the kindness and humanity of Liberia. Eight chiefs came also "to make a book"—a treaty,—offering to give up traffic in slaves entirely, and aid the Colony in suppressing it. Is not this Colony entitled to your sympathy and assistance?

A few days since some messengers came here from the Colony to represent their griefs, and enquire what could be done. Let me say, that I have had much conversation with these men. Among the most intelligent of them was Judge Benedict—a judge of their superior court, a good lawyer and a sound practical man. I shall never forget the interview. He told me, that the colonists were strongly attached to thier republic and grateful for the favors it had received. But the time had now arrived when their hopes were expiring; little was done for them; other colonies of the French and English fared much better and found more assistance and protection. Our colony seemed almost abandoned. He asked me in confidence, if something more could not be done. He appealed to me as a brother Christian to tell him plainly; and he said that of one thing there

was a certainty, that unless something was done speedily, other protection would be secured. It had been offered; and could we, my friends, blame them if they accepted it? He ardently hoped, that Liberia might be preserved as an asylum for his kindred here, and that the benevolent objects so long cherished for a final redemption of the colored race now in the United States, would not be frustrated. And what could I say? He told me that he wanted a frank answer. If no aid could be given, it was due to those who had been so long disappointed, to be informed of it. I told him not to despair, but to return to his friends and say to them, that the Committee would do all they could for them. He has returned, cheered by the encouragement given; and I now appear before you to fulfil my pledge, and appeal to your sympathies in their behalf. And I tell you, my friends, believe me when I say it, that if something more is not speedily done, the Colony will assuredly be lost to us; and much as I believe that this Colony is the last hope of alleviation or remedy for the evils which we so bitterly experience, and more especially for those which threaten us, I should justify them in their sad farewell. They are men; the ties of friendship and obligation are acknowledged; still self-preservation is with all, the first law of nature. Your Committee have endeavored to cheer and animate the colored man and prepare him for the station to which providence seems about to call him—the government of a free republic on the shores of Africa. Death has seized on its early prey; most of the white men who have had the management of a colony in Liberia—Ashmun, Buchanan and many others have fallen; their labors were quickly over. They toiled hard and sought to accomplish much; they have done much; but they have gone to a better world. They have left a dying request that we should remember their much loved colony of Liberia. On a leaf in Buchanan's diary is found recorded his confidence and belief when he went forth—"God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, can fit my constitution to a tropical climate; 'but though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" Shall this colony be abandoned? If the prayers of emancipated Africans or the prayer of the colony are insufficient to rouse us to effort, let me present to the patriot the hope of this country; our happy Union.

The time has come when many good men doubt our continuance as an undivided people much longer. The tocsin is already sounded for dissolution. We may desire to avoid the contemplation of the dangers which threaten us, but encounter them we must. The progress of civilization is onward; the light of liberty and emancipation has been steady and unceasing; more than half of the States have abolished slavery or laid the foundation for complete emancipation. Slavery has been, it is, and ever will be, considered by all, with few exceptions, a dreadful evil. The sage of Monticello, the apostle of liberty, with his compatriots, Madison, Marshall and Monroe, and many others have already spoken. I need not quote passages from their writings in evidence of their views. And for this evil, what is to be the remedy? None has been offered at all adequate, that does not include colonization, and without it emancipation it is believed by many, would prove a curse alike to the slave States themselves and to those States where entire freedom prevails. Two races of men so distinct cannot flourish together. I speak of it as a fact. If the poor Indians, our red brethren, proprietors of the soil, could not remain in the midst of us, how much less encouragement is there to expect a permanent residence with equal privileges for the more degraded slave. To force

upon the Southern States a free colored population cannot be done; the north need not expect it. Nor do the Northern States desire the free people of color to become citizens with them. No, my friends, no! We do not want them; we abhor amalgamation: we deplore the commixture. We desire not our youth to grow up amid the many temptations to vice which such a population offers. Should emancipation become general without colonization; were thousands and hundreds of thousands of slaves set free, scattered over our land, filling the outskirts of our villages, degraded and degrading others, marked by God as a distinct race with no adequate human motives for elevation, they would be a prey upon the community. We judge from facts. I allow, indeed, there are honorable individual exceptions; but human nature remains unchanged. Were emancipation without colonization to become general, our prisons, our jails, our alms-houses must all be enlarged or built anew; our present security would be gone; we, too, must fortify ourselves. Talk not then of a general emancipation without colonization.

I was most happy to hear our friend and early benefactor in the cause from Maryland (Francis S. Key, Esq.) declare what were the true interests of Maryland. "Where" said he "the slave population on the northern boundaries, of the State have nearly disappeared, a dense population of white men has come in; and the land has trebled in value." Let each State then have time to pause, reflect and legislate, without foreign coercion or intimidation. Let not the North indulge in crimination. It is their vessels which have transported the slave to their bondage. Well has the honorable senator from Virginia (Mr. Rives) told us how earnestly his State struggled to avert the evils she now realizes—how ardently she supplicated the mother country, England, while a colony, to prohibit the importation of slaves, but England refused; and Virginia had no alternative. It was among those of her grievances first alledged which led to revolt and to independence. How eloquently, too, the honorable senator from Kentucky (Gov. Morehead) depicted the dangers and difficulties arising from slavery, and pointed to the only remedy—emancipation with colonization. And let me include also, the most worthy gentleman from the same State, (Mr. Underwood) who presided over our deliberations, whose heart is never closed against the sufferings of humanity, let it come in what shape it will. The example of the prosperity of the free States is argument enough, and will assuredly operate. If the Queen of the West, as Ohio is fitly termed, is rising in majesty and grandeur, and filling up with a dense population, let it be remembered by those who are separated only by the beautiful waters of the Ohio, that no physical causes operate to create the difference between them. Kentucky, with a milder climate, and a soil unsurpassed in fertility might be, would be, the preferred dwelling place to many emigrants in search of a better home. The census tells the whole story, and how powerful is its testimony. Leave, then, these facts for statesmen to ponder, let them be pondered and all will soon be done. Colonization, to accompany emancipation, is in my opinion the only remedy.

Am I asked, Is it practicable? Then I ask in reply, Why not? The number of the slave population, and the impossibility of transporting them across the ocean is urged as an answer to this. I reply, we look to Liberia as located on the shores at an immense distance from us. But what is the fact? We look to England as merely a pleasant sail; the distance is not regarded; a passage is made in twelve or fourteen days and tens of thou-

sands pass back and forth continually. How much farther off is Liberia? But about five hundred miles my friends; if you doubt it, examine the chart and you will be satisfied. Are you incredulous as to the fact? it may be removed most easily.

But how, you ask, shall the emancipated be transported? This is a serious question. The transportation is practicable. The commerce of Africa is daily increasing; there are no limits to the products of her soil; she grows what all nations want; soon a trade will be opened to the interior; an extensive market will there be furnished for our manufactures in exchange for her commodities. How strong, then, is the appeal to the friends of commerce, for a continent of 50,000,000 of inhabitants, a large proportion of whom will become consumers. Although the United States have never sought to plant colonies for the extension of our commerce, still if these blessings flow from the philanthropy, or I may say even necessity of establishing this colony it is certainly a most happy incident. I would then establish regular lines of packets, from New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, and Baltimore to sail every month. I would freight them with emigrants and merchandize, and bring back the products of Africa; and at all times it would be easy to secure a return cargo of salt at the Cape de Verd Islands. Such a commerce might soon support itself. But suppose it did not; could we not hope for assistance from the States and the General Government? Is it so, that millions of acres of new land are given for roads and canals, and if a nation's perpetuity is at stake, if the happiness of millions of bondmen are suspended on the enterprise, if the happiness and welfare of the States themselves are so intimately connected with this object, are we not to expect and claim a pittance which would make the rich no poorer and the poor rich indeed? If constitutional objections are raised, let the constitution be amended to meet the emergency—all would give a hearty assent. Your Committee now find one of their greatest embarrassments from the uncertainty of procuring a passage for emigrants. Very many would emancipate their slaves if there was a certainty of their immediate removal from this country. Emancipation is thus often delayed till the death of the owner, when large plantations including slaves are thrown into litigation. Disappointed heirs contest every point; already do we find estates bequeathed to the Society, in the single State of Mississippi exceeding by former appraisement over $200,000. Judgment has been obtained, but nothing has finally been accomplished, and the benevolent object of the testator as yet is wholly thwarted. It cannot be doubted, that if regular passages could be furnished, more emigrants would be offered than could be immediately taken.

It is said, that the climate of Liberia is sickly? I have my friends, carefully examined this point. I have visited many parts of Europe and this country, and found the same causes operating alike every where. Many of the ports in the West Indies are called the graves of foreigners; the same is said of New Orleans, while the high lands in the neighborhood of the sickly parts are healthy. What is Liberia? On the coast where the unparalled exuberance of soil produces malaria, sickness is indeed often found. Happily, however, the beautiful hills, not a day's travel back from the coast are healthy and furnish locations for any number of settlers. It is here especially where the African finds health and old age. How many, too, of the first settlers of this country, now grown into a great nation were swept off by disease and the inclemency of the seasons! Did this

cause them to relinquish their enterprise? Let not then this objection be further raised.

But will the people of color among us be willing to emigrate? What, I ask, is the burden of their request? You have heard them petition; many such entreaties may be found on our files; the Committee cannot meet the present emergency. We believe that ten thousand would soon be offered if you would provide for them. What! will not Africans return to their native land? Will not those who now find so little sympathy, and who can never here rise to an equality, embrace the offer, when they know that they must remain a degraded race if they continue here? Will they not emigrate and bless the benefactors who shall speed them on their happy way? Make, my friends, the Colony what it may be; offer a home where the emancipated slave may breathe a freer air, and will he choose to remain longer among us? No, indeed! What Douglass has so beautifully said of his countrymen who press to these happy shores, may well be applied to this exiled race, in reference to Africa: "America," says he, "is to modern Europe what the Western Isles were to ancient Greece—the land of aspirations and dreams, the country of daring enterprise and the asylum of misfortune, which receives alike the exile and the adventurer—the discontented and the aspiring, and promises all a freer life and fresher nature. Hordes of emigrants are continually swarming off as ceaseless in the pursuit, and crowded and unreturning as travelers to eternity. Even those who are forced to remain behind feel a melancholy restlessness like a bird whose wing is crippled at the time of migration, and look forward to America as the land of the departed, where every one has some near relative or dear friend who has gone before him. A voice like that heard before the final ruin of Jerusalem seems to whisper to those who have ears to hear, 'Let us depart hence.'" May I add the testimony of one who is deeply affected by the prospect of the African in our land. He is an old navigator; many a time has he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. He believes the proposed scheme of Colonization a practical remedy for all our evils. And though he now enjoys a good situation, and home is endeared to him by the strongest ties, yet he would embark in this glorious cause, and take command of a packet for Liberia, such as has been mentioned. There is then hope amounting even to assurance. Let us not despair; but take courage.

But lately, a reverend clergymen now employed to teach 300 slaves, related to me the following incident, illustrative of the power of conscience over the slave-holder: The master is a benevolent man, but is a disbeliever in Christianity, and he said, "I doubt as to future existence, I may, however, be mistaken, and if so what a dreadful load of responsibility rests on me. These immortal beings, in that case, are destined with myself to a long eternity; all the preparation that can be made must be made here. I will not, I dare not, refuse to teach my slaves the doctrines of the Christian religion as you understand it. Come then and teach them religion, and if you are engaged on the Sabbath come on any day of the week. Take, if you choose, the best day and the best hours." Most of these slaves, I trust, will soon find a home in Liberia.

The question perhaps will here be asked, Are Africans capable of self-government based upon the republican principle? To this I reply, moral not physical causes make the great distinctions of society among a homogeneous population. All are made in the image of God, and fitted to be temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. Color or complexion has little to do with the elevation of the human mind, unless the subject is placed under unpropitious

influences, is degraded by his station, and checked in all his hopes of advancement.

Look for example at our red brethren. While surrounded here by white men who are educated in the arts and sciences, claiming and exercising a superiority, how degraded does the Indian appear! His hopes all stifled, he seeks sensual gratification only. But look at him in his new home at the West. There he becomes instantly and truly a man; the powers and emoluments of office are his, and his alone. Property is protected and brings influence; he rises daily in his own estimation as well as in that of others. Good laws, order, industry, in short, all that adorns and endears life are his. So of the African; place him under equal advantages. Take the young man before the mind is stinted by discouragement, or the physical constitution enfeebled by the burdens he is forced to carry. Take him and instruct him; let him anticipate all that acquirements, and industry, and courage can secure for the white man, and you will find him no wise inferior. At this moment the Governor of our Colony in Liberia, (Gov. Roberts,) a person of color, is an ornament to the station; a good belles lettres scholar; a diplomatist not surpassed by many white men of the present age. His late correspondence with the commander of Her Britanic Majesty's ships on the coast of Africa, who claim certain rights there within the limits of our Colony, would do honor even to the distinguished statesman who now fills the responsible chair of the State Department in this country. No one, I am sure, can read that correspondence without feelings of strong and proud satisfaction.

But besides emancipated Africans, our Colony, and these United States, there is, my friends, another class of persons who claim our attention in deciding this great question. Africa—benighted Africa! I refer not now to her advancement in Christianity, but barely to her civilization, to her improvement in agriculture and the arts. We may hope in vain for this improvement until peace is there established. Security to property must precede expenditures of capital or labor. The mind must be made free from the painful apprehension, that the family may be captured while the husband and the father are toiling in the field. While the interior of Africa is convulsed by intestine wars, not for revenge, but from cupidity to obtain human beings upon which to traffic, no amelioration of condition can be expected. Theory itself would teach us this. But, my friends, I have witnessed it all in part in the case of the poor Indian. I have seen the savage exhausted with fatigue, sleeping on his shield, with his bow and arrow in one hand and the war horse fastened to the other by the same lasso with which he was caught, and when I awaked him and asked him to "bore out his ears" to hear my talk, he replied: "The track of the enemy is fresh; look at it; my warriors have fallen; they call upon me for scalps to hang on their graves. I go now to war—when peace is made—when we smoke together, then I will hear you; then I will plant corn." Yes, my friends, peace must be restored, the horrid slave traffic must cease, before Africa can be civilized; and here let me advert for a moment to this great, all absorbing topic.

The slave trade! mankind condemn it; it has ever been a horrible system, yea even a crime, and has robbed one continent of much of her population, while at the same time it entailed misery upon all who have become connected with it. I said it *has been* a crime, what is it now? Is it over? Oh, no, my friends, would to God that it were! What, however, is the fact? From the best data, from evidence laid before a

Committee of the British Parliament, and by them published to the world, it appears that not less than 500,000 human beings in Africa fall annually victims to this traffic. Some perish in capture, some in the middle passage, and some drag out existence in captivity. Yes, 1700 daily. I am wrong; I have not included the Sabbath—there is no day of rest for the slave dealer; he stops not in his cruel career—he has *no Sabbath*. The laws of God and man he regards as naught.

Every day in the year he numbers his victims; it is then 1400 daily. This cause alone has probably already swept off from Africa a far larger number of her children than the whole population of every description in these United States. What an amount of wretchedness and woe. Do you doubt it? What will persuade you? Call upon the mighty deep to give up her dead; call upon those for witness, unsepulchred in the middle passage. The trumpet will one day sound and these must appear as dreaded witneses against those who have murdered them there. Ask them whence they came; they will tell you, how they were torn from all they loved, how greatly they have suffered, how they were manacled and bruised, how thousands were engulphed in a single hour to lighten the ships so hotly pursued. Hear their separate stories: Oh hear the female captive relate her sad tale of woe and how gladly she embraced the messenger of death which consigned her body to a watery grave, and bore her spirit to a just and merciful, but till then, an unknown God. Yes! the grave for once is satisfied—it has enough: hear the deep itself exclaim in the hoarse echo of its loud roar, Cruel monster! stay thy hand, crowd me not further; I am already full. Pardon my feelings on this subject. Can man be indifferent to the accumulated woes of a whole continent? Make the case your own Suppose a ship from Africa was to heave in sight in the Potomac; notice was given for a cargo of slaves, and a high price offered; your relatives, your wives and your children, carried into captivity. Oh, then your lamentations and woe! nor could you cease to weep, thinking of the loved ones torn from you—gone forever. What is the difference in the two cases? simply that in this case, it is the African ship that has made reprisals to supply the ravages which the ships under your flag are daily making. Yes my friends, ships protected by your flag. Oh that foul blot which stains our national banner! Tell me not here of dignity and national honor! Did the track of the enemy lead to your dwellings, had you already lost a part of your children by plunder and robbery, would you, suffer to pass one that was suspected and who was apparently making another approach for the remainder? would you not enquire his name and business, or would you let him pass lest you might injure his feelings, by showing suspicion; especially if he bore any peculiar insignia or carried a certain flag? No you would examine him, perhaps find him loaded with manacles for your family. I love my country's honor; I would not submit to search and imprisonment of her seamen, but I would most cheerfully grant on the suspected coast a reciprocal examination: this boasted land of freedom has applied again and again to foreign nations to aid in suppressing the slave trade. We have been the first to call it *Piracy*, and punish it with death. And now when the nations of Europe respond Amen, let it cease; when they do all that we have asked or desired, shall we hold back? If we do so, let those who suffer the consequences claim not from an injured world the sympathy and forgiveness they may yet need. Let us rather as a nation follow the example of this Society,—line the coast of Africa with colonies; these will be perpetual barriers against the slave dealer. It is as easy to transport thousands to

freedom as it is to hurry off yearly 500,000 to death and captivity. A few years only would accomplish the whole work, were the heart of the people given to it. How much better such a preventive, such a remedy, than ships of war whose presence is transient and which still afford opportunity to elude their vigilance.

And what would be the moral change on the coast? Good markets for commerce for the interior; no longer would cupidity and avarice bring the price of blood to purchase the comforts of life. Human hearts would still be given; but only in exchange for the blessings of that holy religion which is offered without money and without price—a purchase above all value—temporal and eternal joys.

I have perhaps my friends detained you too long. Our meeting will soon be closed. You will pursue your wonted vocations and your Committee will return again to their duty. The question now is, Shall they have your advice and assistance? will you share in their burdens? Do you say the times are hard? Is money scarce? Think my friends that the expense of a single public dinner or dance in compliment only to but one of your fellow men has cost more than would relieve our present emergency. Yes the collection for admission at the race ground this past week, for the privilege of seeing what man with whip and spur can make a poor animal do, would carry the needy Africans now at Norfolk, to their fatherland. The amount paid a foriegn dancer for an exhibition of herself among us, would furnish ample means to cheer the hearts of our desponding Colony—and shall the Committee cease to urge their plea? But I must close.

Yet before I set down, let me ask, my Christian friends, why it is, that the white man dies so soon in Africa? why too does the emancipated African die so soon at the north? why does he find no resting place here? Is not the finger of God visible in this? Africa must be regenerated. The colored man is fitted for that climate; God has made it his peculiar land; it is his home. And now should the bondman find his body freed, his sins forgiven, his mind enlightened, he will return to idolatrous Africa, with the injunction of his Divine Master; and may we not hope that a happy day is soon to dawn on that long abused, benighted people. You and I cannot go to teach them, our lives would soon be sacrificed, but we can send him and shall he not go? My friends I come not a beggar for your charity; you know your duty—consult your own conciences. Take the subject, fellow Christians, to your closets and there inquire of God who seeth our hearts what you ought to do. Our talents are borrowed; we are only stewards, and shall soon be called to our final account. We are debtors and no credit can be entered for us beyond the grave. If we look on our estates, we cannot regard them in fee simple to us and our heirs forever. God has written on our titles, a stewardship only—a tenantry at will. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. What was called ours yesterday is another's to-day—to-morrow it may be still another's. Happy for us that "we need but little here, nor need that little long." I said I came not before you a beggar; I will however implore for our poor colony—for wretched Africa, for her sons and daughters wherever they may be, for our poor Society, and for your humble Committee whose hearts are wrung from day to day by the urgency of the miserable and wretched, I will and do implore what you can so easily bestow, and what I know you will not withhold—your prayers.

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